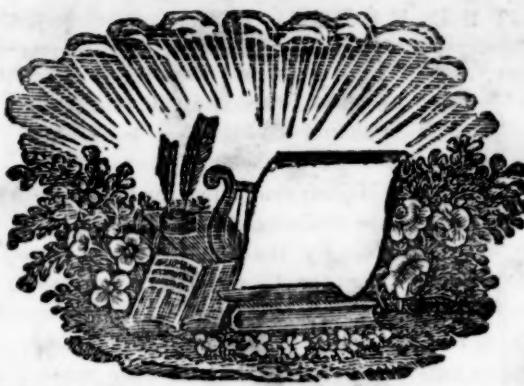


THE RURAL REPOSITORY.



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, POETRY, &c.

VOL. XIV. [V. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1838.

NO. 24.

SELECT TALES.

The Charter.

AN HISTORICAL TALE OF CONNECTICUT.

By the Author of 'Lafitte,' etc.

CHAPTER I.

AT the close of an autumnal day in 1668, a troop of horse might have been seen winding its way southwardly along a forest-path by the banks of the Connecticut river. At its head side by side, rode two cavaliers.—The elder was about thirty-five years of age, of a noble presence and a dignified and soldierly air. The visor of a helmet shaded the upper portion of his face, though it did not conceal the fire of a pair of piercing blue eyes over which square and massive brows were sternly and habitually bent. His complexion had once been fair if we might judge from the light flaxen locks flowing abundantly over his shoulders after the fashion of the period. Exposure to many climates had now robbed his skin of the blond, and given it a brown hue—a shade more befitting a warrior's cheek. A well-trimmed beard extending from ear to ear swept his breast-plate. His upper lip was graced by a handsome moustache, a tho' darker than his hair. It nearly hid his mouth—which so far as it could be discovered, was finely shaped, with the lips pressed together with an air of determination. When he spoke, however, it wore a more agreeable expression with which his full and manly voice harmonized; yet nevertheless there was something in his countenance that repelled confidence. His person was protected by the demi-proof armor of that day; the period when the mailed knight, in a state of chrysalis, was merging into the modern officer. Over his breastplate which was indented, but highly burnished, was passed a broad buff belt, to which was appended a serviceable sword: from his holsters also protruded the butts of a richly ornamented pair of Spanish pistols, then in as much repute as the Damascus blade a few centuries earlier. He was well mounted on a large brown English horse; and, as he paced along he sat like a man to whom the

saddle is a familiar seat. Although from time to time he would interchange thought with his companion, his general manner was taciturn and grave.

The other was a youth who had not yet numbered quite twenty summers. His figure was slight and elegant; his manner, careless and graceful, and an air of rank and high breeding was evident in every movement. His cheek was dark as the Italian's; his eyes were black and brilliant; by turns piercing or tender, indolent or flashing. His raven and luxuriant hair fell about his neck in natural curls, lifting in the evening wind and waving and flowing like the wanton tresses of a young girl. A slight moustache darkened his upper lip, but did not hide his fine mouth. He wore a plain but rich suit of mourning. His breast-plate and scabbard were also of the same sable hue. He rode a snow white horse with a long, sweeping tail, and with the eye and limb of an Arabian barb: which as it ambled by the side of the larger steed picked its steps as daintily as if it had been shod with the slippers of Cinderella. The general tone of his manner was a graceful indolence and an elegant nonchalance, though altogether divested of any, even the least grain of foppery. With a face as strongly marked with intelligence and good sense as that of his older companion and a look indicating a still haughtier spirit, his whole appearance was strikingly in contrast with his; inviting confidence and friendship in men—in women, love. The two seemed to be however on the most familiar terms of intimacy notwithstanding their opposite characters and the additional disparity of their years. Near them rode a black servant in a gorgeous livery, upon which he evidently prided himself.

Behind these cavaliers rode two more gentlemen—one of them was a large heavy man, appareled much like the elder cavalier above mentioned; the other, save a sword at his side, and pistols in his holsters, wore the black dress of a citizen. The former had a bold look and unpleasant eye. The latter was a man of a milder cast. They

conversed together while they rode along as if deeply interested in their subject, addressing each other respectively as Randolph and Dudley; the last name being applied to the citizen. In the rear of these, riding two abreast, came a lengthened column of horse, consisting mostly of mounted grenadiers, with perhaps half a score of dragoons—a band of rough, stalwart looking warriors. Their brows were covered with iron helmets, crested with horse-chair, and they wore heavy breast and thigh pieces. They all had broad-swords hanging at their belts, and cumbersome matchlocks swung across their backs. With their huge proportions, war-worn visages, grizzly beards and fierce moustaches, they presented altogether a very truculent and formidable appearance. They trotted along in good order; some in stern silence, and as immovable in their saddles as statues; others in most unmilitary ease, jesting with a comrade; and one or two with their usual position reversed, seated with their backs to their horses' heads, talking and laughing with those behind. A small party of Indians brought up the rear; two of whose number, we should have mentioned before, acted as guides, and ran at an untiring pace a little in advance of the two cavaliers, balancing in their right hands tomahawks secured to long poles, which served them as weapons of defence against wild beasts, and assisted them in crossing ravines, scaling precipices, and clearing obstacles from the path of the horsemen. While the cavalcade is slowly trotting through the wood, we will turn to the two cavaliers. They have been riding for some time without interchanging a word; the younger studying like an amateur the fine animal action of one of the half-naked, athletic Indian guides; the other busied in severe, and apparently far from agreeable reflections.

'Mehercule!' said the younger, breaking silence, 'I would enter that fellow on the right hand against the best athlets of the best days of Greece. Pity the old Romans had not known of the existence of this continent—they could have matched their arena

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then against the world. By Jove ! Andros, we must pit two of these most supple heathens against each other, when we bivouac to-night. By the by ! I should like to behold this fair mistress of thine. If report do not belie her, she has beauty. Think you she will not play you false in this Charter scheme ? These women are the devil. There is no dependence to be placed in one of them. A man might tell as readily what's o'clock by a church vane, as a woman's mind by her tongue.'

' You are severe, Trevor,' said the other, smiling ; ' Helen is not to be weighed in the scale of other women.'

' Thou art a true lover, which doth put his mistress before all the world, an' she were a black-a-moor,' said the younger, laughing and whisking his horse over the ears, by way of pastime, with an ivory riding whip, terminating in a green silk tassel.

' Her attachment to his Majesty's Government,' continued the former, ' is from principle.'

' And her attachment to your knightly self ?'

' Hist, boy ! ' he said in an impatient, half pleased tone.

' Boy ! By my manhood ! an' thou didst wear a broadsword some four inches shorter than thou dost, I would quarrel with thee on that argument.'

' Discretion is the only part of valor of which thou hast any knowledge, Trevor. Cherish it—twill do thee service yet.'

' Gramercy for that ! Thy wit brightens as thy love warms. 'Twill be at a white heat when you reach Hartford—then Heaven save the mark ! Your wit will flash and crackle like " thorns under a pot," as these puritans would term it.'

' Humph ! You should mount cap and bells, Edward. The sun is low,' he added, changing his tone. ' We must be near Hartford.'

' Judging from the temperature of thy wit 'twere not quite a league.'

' A truce to this folly,' said Sir Edmund Andross, with a slight shade of pique in the tone of his voice ; ' can you be serious ?'

' As a puritan,' replied Trevor, smoothing his features. ' But,' he added, suddenly changing his manner, ' do you really mean to obtain this Charter by the stratagem you spoke of ? If the lady were of the right mettle perhaps there were hopes of success.'

' She is as loyal as I could wish.'

' Doubtless—"Tis said a woman has no politics, but her husband's or lover's.'

' Pish ! She was educated in England, you are aware.'

' True, 'twas at court you saw her. Pity thy breastplate were not on, to have saved thy heart. 'Twas a pretty romance, your wooing. Methinks I could write a tale upon

it, as 'twas given me by the pages. 'Twas a sad parting that, when she sailed for America. This should end the first book. The second should begin with my hero kneeling before his Majesty, and suing for the governorship of the colonies, that he might be near his mistress. By the mass ! 'twere a brave theme. I could make a book, would surpass the Arabian nights' entertainments, and fit for the princes of Persia to read. 'Twere an excellent jest. It shall be done when I get back to London. To contemplate thy stern visage and vigorous beard, Andross, one would not believe thou wert in verity a sighing swain. They say my cousin is charming. I hope she will second you bravely.'

' There is no question.'

' Yet, methinks I would rather win this Charter by a score or two of good round blows with broadsword, than trust to Cupid's arrows be they never so sharp.—Perhaps the council will resign it peaceably.'

' If they do not, and I cannot obtain it through Helen, I shall try what virtue lieth in these arguments,' he said, casting a significant glance behind.

' St. George and amen ! Heaven arm their stubborn brains with obstinacy, if 'twill bring us to blows. Of all things I would like to give these refractory colonists a sound pummeling.'

' We must be near the termination of our march,' said the citizen behind ; ' it is five days since we left Boston, and though the road hath been none of the best we have sped well.'

' This wilderness is not St. James', as my limbs can testify,' said Randolph, lifting himself in the saddle and shaking his huge frame till his armor rung again.

' And that thou art not a feather thy mare's limbs will testify, I'll be sworn,' said Trevor. ' Look, Andross, something of interest attracts the attention of our guides. See ! my athleta is waving his hand. I will ride forward and learn what it is.'

Putting spurs to his horse, the young man dashed up the hill, followed more leisurely by his companion. On gaining the summit, where the Indians had halted, and were pointing southward, he beheld to his great joy, at the extremity of a lovely valley, partly cultivated, through which the limpid river gracefully wound, a solitary tower lifting its top above the trees.

' Hartford,' grunted the Indian whose leopard-like motions had taken the fancy of Trevor.

' Hartford it is ! ' repeated he. ' Andross, spur up ! Our march is ended. Yonder lies the capital of the vast empire we are about to invade,' he continued with playful irony. ' Behold the tower of your imperial palace. Heavens what a magnificent

scene ! he exclaimed with enthusiasm, as his eyes took in the prospect around him.

Sir Edmund Andross with the other gentlemen shared the pleasurable emotions of the enraptured Trevor. For a few moments they lingered on the brow of the hill, over which their road wound, and silently gazed upon the scene before them. The first frost had fallen upon the forests the night preceding, and the sudden change which follows it had passed upon the foliage.—During the day the path of the cavalcade had been only through the gloomy depths of the wilderness ; the sun seldom penetrating the dense canopy of leaves over their heads, and their vision bound in a narrow space by the closely-set trees which surrounded them. The prospect now spread out before their eyes was therefore from contrast, the more striking. It was now the opening of the Indian Summer ; and the forests were dyed in the rich hues which in America mark the autumnal time. The glory of the scene they surveyed, mocks both the pencil of the painter and the pen of the writer. The cavaliers gazed with unmixed admiration on the scene.

' By St. George ! there is no equal to this on the earth,' said Trevor with animation. ' Tis a beautiful world, Andross ! See yonder maple ! You would believe its leaves dropped blood. Mark the gold and silver of that birch, vieing with the emerald hue of its neighbor. And see the sapphire and carbuncle mingling with the dark green of yon water oak. Look at the side of that hill, which is clothed with maple and chesnut to its summit ! It shines with a light of its own ! Observe what a golden hue it has given to the flood ! One would swear the river ran melted gold between its banks. How beautiful—how glorious ? Why are our English autumns so dull and colorless in comparison ?'

' The atmosphere of our islands,' said Sir Edmund, ' is humid, and deadens the action of the frost. The transition from summer to autumn with us, is gradual, here it takes place between sunset and sunrise.'

' Beautiful ! ' said Trevor, casting his eyes lingeringly over the landscape, gilded by the setting sun ; and then riding after his companion who had begun to follow the path to the forest beneath, he continued, ' last night this sea of foliage was green as the sea itself, or the emerald on thy little finger ; and now all the jewels in the earth's mines, if they multiplied a thousand times the changes of the prism, or rivaled the dyes of the rainbow, could not match their colors. You have done well, Andross, to cast your lot in so fair a land. If thy mistress be for a maiden one half so fair, thou art a happy as well as bold cavalier. 'Tis many years since I saw her. 'Twas before I went to Gottingen.

If my memory serves me she then held out the promise of great beauty.'

'It is redeemed in her noble and lovely person.'

'Is my cousin Kate equally fair? I have never seen her.'

'I have not seen her yet. 'Tis said she is beautiful, though she is yet quite young.'

'Loyal?'

'As her father,' dryly answered Andross. 'Forward!' he cried to his troop, as the rear gained the level ground: 'close your files and blow up your matches. Ride in silence and ride well. Trot!'

Thus speaking, the knight and his companions put spurs to their horses, and rode forward at a pace which promised a speedy termination to their day's march.—After the an hour's ride along a forest road, which often brought them in sight of the river, but as frequently conducted them through the depths of the wood, they drew rein on an eminence half a mile from the town, which was indistinctly visible through the gathering twilight.

'Gentlemen,' said Sir Edmund Andross, after he had given the command to halt; 'we are now before the place of our destination. I will go into the town alone to reconnoitre, and learn what I can of public feeling. The troop will refresh themselves for half an hour, when, Trevor, I wish you to approach as near the town as possible without causing alarm, and await my orders.'

The horses were tied together in parties to adjacent trees; all with their girths loosened, and several with their saddles taken off. The men had laid aside their heavy caps and breast-plates, and, seated on the grass in divisions, were taking their evening meal. In their rear, in various natural attitudes, were grouped the Indians belonging to their party, they having kept up with it without effort, also engaged in partaking of their frugal fare. The gigantic trees towered above—the dark defiles—the groups of horses and men—the Indian party in native costume—the two or three still mounted cavaliers in the foreground—the pacing sentinels—the sweeping river—the distant roofs and tower of the town, altogether presented an interesting and highly picturesque scene.

'Now, Trevor,' said Sir Edmund Andross, looking around the camp, after having slightly refreshed himself, and finding all as he could wish, 'I leave you in command. At present I do not wish the Assembly to know that I have an armed force to sustain my claim. I will first try mild measures with them. See that you are to horse within the half-hour and waiting me outside the town. Now let me assume the puritan.'

Here the knight threw a citizen's cloak over his war-like apparel, and exchanged his helmet for a flapped hat which the slave hitherto had carried for his use.

'Shall I accompany your Excellency?' asked Dudley, placing a foot in his stirrup.

'Not now, good citizen. 'Twill excite suspicion.—You are well known. So is Randolph. Messieurs, I pray you be guided by my wishes. I will soon return. Follow me, Cato. Gentlemen, adieu.'

Thus speaking, the knight threw himself across the saddle, and followed by his African slave, disappeared on the road in the direction of the town.

CHAPTER II.

A few historical incidents in the early history of Connecticut, will explain the circumstances which brought the imposing cavalcade we have been describing to that peaceful and unwarred region.

In the year 1620, King James the first, by letters patent under the great seal of England, incorporated Robert, Earl of Warwick, the duke of Lennox, and forty-noblemen and gentlemen, by the name of the 'Plymouth Council,' and formally granted them that portion of America now embraced by New England. This is the original grant on which are constructed all subsequent grants made to the New England colonies. In 1630, the Earl of Warwick, who was President of the Plymouth council, received from that body a special grant of that territory which now comprehends Connecticut. This grant King Charles the first confirmed to him by a patent. The following year, under his own hand and seal, this nobleman made a grant of the land to Lord Say and Seal, and Lord Brook and others; at the same time transferring to them the patent he had received from Charles the first. This is the original patent of Connecticut. The settlers of the new colony by this conveyance became patentees of Lord Say and Seal. Notwithstanding the right conferred upon them by their patent, it became necessary before they could open plantations, to purchase the Indian titles to the lands. This was not finally effected until 1600, when the distinguished Sachem, Uncas, chief of the Mohegans, for 'certain presents made to his satisfaction,' surrendered his last reservation of hunting grounds and gave the patentees a clear and ample deed of all the territory covered by their patent.

The colony having added the native title to their patent, determined in a general assembly to make application for a charter under the royal signature. Formally avowing their allegiance to his Majesty Charles the Second, and declaring in well-set terms, that all the inhabitants of the colony was his faithful and loving subjects (it being soon after the government of England was settled in King and Parliament) they petitioned him for his grace and countenance, and the confirmation of their rights and privileges. John Winthrop, Esquire, Governor of the colony,

was appointed the agent to present the petition to his Majesty. In the petition it was humbly represented that the greatest part of the colony had been obtained from the Indians by grant, and 'valuable considerations'; that some other part thereof had been obtained by conquest. 'Governor Winthrop,' says the courteous historian, Trumbull, 'was a gentleman of address and elegant manners.'

On being presented to the King, he took from his finger an extraordinary ring of great price and beauty, and kneeling said:

'Will your Majesty graciously condescend to accept this ring, which was a gift to my grandfather from your Majesty's father.'

The King took the ring, gazed upon it for a few moments, with a sad countenance, and a tear was observed by those who stood around, to fall upon the jewel, as he placed it reverently upon his finger. Turning to the petitioner, he said with a pleasing voice, but with a melancholy air:

'No gift could have been so acceptable, fair sir, as this little memorial of my unhappy sire. I shall hold it very dear.'

Under these auspicious circumstances, the petition was presented and received with 'uncommon grace and favor.' On the twelfth day of April, 1662, his Majesty granted the colony his letters patent, conveying to it the most ample privileges under the great seal of England, and confirming to it the whole tract of country originally granted by Charles the first to the Earl of Warwick; and by him conveyed to Lord Say and Seal, and Lord Brook, in free and common socage. It ordained nineteen gentleman as one body corporate and politic, by the name of 'The Governor and Company of the English Colony of Connecticut in New England, in America,' in perpetual succession, with the right of exercising all powers inherent in a free corporation. It was expressly ordained by the Charter that the colonists should share equally with the free and natural subject of the realm of England, in the privileges of the British constitution.

The Charter thus formally granted remained inviolate until King James the Second came to the crown; a period of twenty-three years. This monarch brought to the throne a disposition cruel and tyrannical; he was obstinate in his opinions, strong in his prejudices and withal a bigoted Roman Catholic. He began his reign by a wanton violation of the constitution of the three kingdoms and by trampling on the laws and liberties of the people. In all transaction between the crown and the subjects, he evinced a remarkable destitution of the principles of honor and common faith; not only exhibiting frequent instances of flagrant injustice but often times the want of humanity. More than forty corporations in England he deprived of their

charters including that of the city of London. The charters of Massachusetts and of Rhode Island were both demanded, and both were either vacated or surrendered; and with the exception alone of Connecticut, King James had appointed a general government over all New England. In this open and universal violation of kingly faith, the colonists of Connecticut could not, being Protestants, hope to escape, and hourly trembled for the security of their Charter. At length, in July 1635, the expected mandate came in the shape of a writ of *quo warranto*, issued against the Government and Company, requiring their appearance before his Majesty, to show by what warrant they exercised certain powers and privileges.

In this alarming crisis the Governor called a special assembly to consult on the means to be employed for the preservation of the colony. The result of this council was a petition to the crown praying the continuance of the right of the colonists. Instead of a reply, Edward Randolph, an indefatigable enemy to the colonists, came over from England bearing two writs more imperative than the first; and the December following a fourth writ was served on the governor and colony, requiring their appearance before his Majesty, 'within eight days of the purification of the blessed virgin.' In this affair the duplicity characteristic of most of the public acts of James the Second was remarkably exemplified; for the writs named no proper time for their appearance, which was, says the historian, in fact, 'no time at all.' The colony not appearing by its representative at the time and place, all its chartered rights were declared vacated.

In December, 1636, therefore, Sir Edmund Andross arrived at Boston to take upon himself under the crown the administration of the Government of New England, including of course, Connecticut. After he had become settled in his new government, he addressed the Governor and Company of Connecticut informing them that he held a commission from his Majesty to receive their Charter; signifying his intention of marching to Hartford, to demand it in person at their hands, and assume the government. The Assembly was setting on the arrival of this epistle. Beneath its courteous and formal style, they had penetration enough to see that there was couched a menace. Their reply was brief and decisive: 'We will never, of our own wills, exchange our liberties for you chains.'

CHAPTER III.

The ancient borough of Hartford, for several days previous to the memorable thirty-first of October, was in a state of great and unwonted agitation. Anxiety sat upon the brows of all men. The blacksmith deserted his anvil; the shoemaker his last; the shop-

keeper his counter; the old crept from their chimney nook: the young left their sports; the industrious became idle and the idle became busy—to collect together in groups, to discuss the perilous state of the time. The Assembly had met daily in the town-hall to examine the position in which they stood, and devise measures for preserving the Charter. The evening on which Sir Edmund Andross entered the town, they were still in session. Favored by his disguise and the thickening night, he rode along its principal thoroughfare, without meeting any interruption. As he passed the town-hall—its size and location rendering it conspicuous, even to a stranger—the lights in the windows and a throng about its doors, showed that the colonial council were assembled there.

He rode on at a pace that soon brought him and his slave in front of an imposing mansion, aristocratically lifting its snow white walls amid a grove of stately trees. It appeared to be placed in the midst of extensive grounds, partly lawn, partly garden, with an avenue leading from its portico to the street. Here it terminated in a spacious gateway, the pillars of which were surmounted by two small lions, sculptured from the red free stone which abounds in that region. He drew up at the gate, dismounted, and bidding the slave secure the horses and follow him, he cautiously entered the avenue. Moving lightly, listening as he went, he approached the house, two or three apartments of which were lighted, giving it a lively and hospitable appearance.

'Take this ring, Cato,' he said, stepping aside as he spoke, to the covert of a large chestnut which grew near the house, its huge limbs almost touching it: 'Ask for Helen—you saw her in England. Tell her I wait here to see her.'

The slave was soon in the house, and after a moment's delay, an elegant woman, not more than twenty years of age, made her appearance in the hall, the whole range of which, the door being open, Andross commanded from his post of observation.

'Did you desire to speak with me?' she asked, advancing with graceful dignity and with a condescending manner. 'What! Cato?' she exclaimed in a tone between surprise and pleasure.

'You are not alone? Where is—?'
'Here um ring, Missus.'

The Lady seized the emerald, gazed upon it for an instant—pressed it to her lips, and then asked in a low eager tone, 'Where?'

'Dere!' replied the negro, pointing with his chin and a jerk of his shoulder towards the chestnut. Helen flew past him, and the next moment was pressed to the heart of her lover.

CHAPTER IV.

Helen Pierpont was the orphan niece and adopted daughter of Governor Treat. He

had taken her, in infancy, to replace the loss of an only child, and had transferred to his protege, all his paternal love. When she was twelve years of age he sent her to England, where she received a superior education, and where her manners were formed on the most fashionable and high-bred scale. In London, on her presentation to court, Sir Edmund Andross, an accomplished cavalier and a favorite, both of his prince and the ladies at court, saw her, and became enamored of her. He sought her society, and the week before she set sail for the province, he had received from the lips of the haughty American beauty, a confession of requited love. Sir Edmund Andross was a man of the world—a brave soldier—a polished gentleman—and withal, a courtier of Charles the Second's reign. His face and figure were unexceptionable; and although his nature was somewhat stern and his temper hasty, Helen saw in both, rather the natural attributes of the soldier, than the failings of the man.

His powers of pleasing were various and unsurpassed. He knew how to awaken from its secret recesses the love that slumbers in the maiden's heart, and seldom failed in creating an interest in the bosoms of those he sought to please. At his ardent solicitation, the King gave him the government of New England; and shortly afterwards he set sail for his province. He remained in Boston no longer than was necessary to receive the submission of the colonies of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, and settle himself in his government. He then, at the head of sixty grenadiers, a few dragoons, and a party of Indians marched upon Hartford, for the purpose of personally receiving the submission of the refractory colony, or enforcing his demand at the sword's point. Bold, persevering, and ambitious, he permitted no obstacles to stand between desire and possession. To resolve was, with him, to execute. No minor considerations had weight, when his individual interests were at stake. When he found persuasion ineffectual, he would then display his true disposition, and show himself divested, not only of moral principle and political faith, but, where he could exercise the power, cruel and tyrannical. Such was Sir Edmund Andross;—such the minion of Charles the Second;—appointed by him Governor of the colonies of puritans—and such was the man who had won the affections of the haughty and fascinating Helen Pierpont.

'Helen,' said Sir Edmund Andross, after the first words of meeting, were interchanged—receiving her arm and walking from the house, down a retired path. 'I have come for the Charter.'

'The council will never give it up, Edmund.'
'I must compel them to do so.'

'Oh, no. Remember my father is—'
'I do. But there is no alternative, unless—'

'What?' she demanded with interest.
'You can obtain it for me,' he answered hesitatingly.

'That would not benefit you. 'Twould not be a surrender.'

'I care not, so that I hold it in my possession, how it comes into my bands. 'Twill be equivalent to a surrender, ultimately—as they will have no visible basis on which to found a plea of rights.'

Helen reflected. 'His Majesty's commands should be obeyed—Edmund,' she said, after a moment's silence, as if she was weighing her duty to her sovereign against her duty to her uncle and benefactor, 'If I obtain the patent for you, will you respect my father?'

'I will make him one of my council, and neither his power and influence with the colonists, nor his personal dignity, shall suffer. He shall still govern though not in name.'

'It shall be done. If my father be traitorous to his liege King, I will not be; but as a loyal subject, do my best to serve his Majesty.'

'Spoken like yourself, Helen. How will you get possession of it? I trust more to you than to my whole troop.'

'Listen. It is kept in a drawer in a bureau in the Governor's library, where all state papers are lodged. The key is in his escritoire, which he never locks. Remain here. In five minutes I will place it in your hands.'

'Excellent. Hist! we are not alone.'
'Tis a bird we have frightened from its perch,' said Helen listening. 'Adieu! I will not be long absent.'

'Run no risks, dear Helen,' he said detaining her.

'There is none, whatever. The Governor is at the Assembly room—and there is no one in the house but the old house-keeper and servants.'

'I will then go with you.'
'Not for the world.'
'I will at least accompany you to the portico.'

'But not a step farther.'

The latter part of this conversation took place near an arbor, at some distance from the house, whither their path had conducted them. Together the conspirators now left it, and retraced their steps, by the circuitous walk, to the dwelling. There were, however, feet which sought no path, but flew over the ground, the shortest route to the mansion, heedless of flower beds or bushes, lawn or loam;—and bounding along with the light tread and fleetness of the hunted fawn. They were the feet of Catharine Wyllys—the Cousin in Kate alluded to by the gay Trevor.

[Concluded in our next.]

BIOGRAPHY.

From the Richmond Enquirer.

NATHANIEL MACON.

NATHANIEL MACON, departed this life on the 29th of last June, at Buck Spring, in the county of Warren, North Carolina, in the 79th year of his age. For three or four weeks he had suffered from a spasmodic affection of the chest and stomach, but it was not so severe as seriously to interrupt his usual exercise and employment. About four days before his death he was partially confined to the house—enjoying, however, with his usual flow of spirits, the society and conversation of his numerous friends, who visited him daily, and watched with anxiety and distressed solicitude every symptom that threatened to snatch from them their nearest and best friend and benefactor. He retained his intellectual faculties to the last—his conversation was cheerful—his mind tranquil and composed, until the scene of life closed upon him. In this most affliction dispensation, it must be a source of great consolation to his numerous friends and relatives that he died in ripe old age, and without pain, and blessed, it is hoped with the brightest claims to the rich rewards of a truly virtuous and eminently useful life.

Mr. Macon was one of the few patriots of the American Revolution who survived to tell the tale of that day to the present generation. In the memorable year 1776, then not 18 years old, and while a student at Princeton, New Jersey, burning with youthful ardor, and fired by holy enthusiasm in the cause of public liberty, he abandoned collegiate duties, and performed a short tour of duty in a company of volunteers; thus, in his youth, evincing an attachment to those principles which in after life, he supported with so much firmness, ability and undeviating consistency. After his return from New Jersey, hearing of the fall of Charleston S. C. in the spring of 1780, he joined the military troops of his native state, as a common soldier, and continued with them until the provisional articles of peace were signed, in the fall of 1782. During this eventful period, he gave proofs of that indifference for office and emolument, and that unaffected devotedness to his country's good, which his future history so conspicuously illustrated. He served in the ranks as a common soldier—and though command and places of trust and confidence, as well as relative ease and security, were often tendered him, he invariably declined them—desiring only to occupy the station and share the hardships and perils common to the greater portion of his fellow soldiers—and although in very humble circumstances as to property, he never would charge or consent to receive one cent for such servi-

ces. He gave his heart and soul to the cause in which he had embarked—he loved his country, and like a dutiful son, gave her in time of need—'twas all he had'—his personal services. And now that that country smiles with prosperity, and has, with a munificence deserving all praise, made liberal provisions for the soldiers of the revolution, still did he decline the proffered bounty. Often has he been heard to say, (disclaiming all imputation upon others,) that no state of fortune could induce him to accept it. In those times, too, were developed the noble traits of Roman character which attracted to him the confidence and esteem of his countrymen. He became generally known throughout the state, and won for himself a popularity to which his country is indebted for his long and useful and illustrious services in the public councils. His countrymen elected him, while yet in the army and scarcely twenty four years of age, a member of the State Legislature without his solicitation or even knowledge—and reluctant to part with his comrades in arms, he was induced only by the persuasions of his commanding officers to accept the station. After serving in this capacity many years, he was chosen at the age of thirty two a member of Congress in the House of Representatives—and took his seat at the first session of the second Congress, in 1791, which he filled uninterrupted, under successive elections till the winter of 1815—when he was chosen by the Legislature a Senator in Congress without his solicitation, and in one sense against his wish; for his maxim was, 'frequent elections, and accountability at short intervals.' In January, 1816, being at Washington in the discharge of his duties as a member of the House of Representatives, he resigned his seat in that body, and assumed his new station as Senator. On that occasion he declined and rejected double pay for traveling, although abundant precedents entitled him to it. The Legislature continued to him his honorably distinction and high trust till November 1828, when he was induced by 'a sense of duty,' springing out of his advanced age and infirmities to resign—resigning at the time the offices of Justice of Peace, and Trustee of the University of North Carolina, both of which he filled for many years. During the Congressional career, he was chosen in 1801, at the first session of the seventh Congress, Speaker of the House of Representatives, and continued to preside over the deliberations of that body till the 10th Congress. The duties of the chair were discharged by him with distinguished abilities, and an impartiality which secured the esteem and affection of his political adversaries. Not being able, from severe indisposition, to attend at the commencement of the 10th

Congress, a new incumbent was elected to the chair. He was several times elected President *pro tem.* of the senate, and the last time chosen to that station, he declined its acceptance. The office of Post Master General was twice offered him. But office, however high, or emolument however great, had no charm for him. His engagement was always to his constituents and that he was determined to fulfil to the letter. No lure could tempt him to lay it down. His was the ambition that prompted only to virtuous deeds. He sought with great earnestness and untiring industry the path of duty and fearlessly pursued it—obliging no one from favor or affection, and yielding nothing to the suggestions of resentment or enmity. Indeed there was no passion he would gratify at the expense of duty. In 1835 his fellow-citizens again called him from his cherished retirement, by electing him a member of the convention, charged with the important duty of revising and reforming the Constitution of his native state, of which body he was chosen President by unanimous suffrage. In 1836, he was chosen an elector of President—on the republican ticket—and at the proper time repaired to the seat of government, and performed the duty required of him.—This was the closing act of Mr. Macon's public life.

Of his political creed it is scarcely necessary to speak. His unchecked consistency—the frank and manly avowal of his opinions on all proper occasions—the prominent and distinguished part it was his lot to act in support of every republican administration, sufficiently proclaim it. Suffice it to say, he was a Republican of the old school, and possessed without qualification or abatement, the affection and confidence of a Jefferson, a Madison, a Monroe, and a Jackson—and of the whole host of distinguished statesmen with whom he was a collaborer in the cause of democracy and free government. His political principles were deep-rooted. He became attached to them from early examination, and was confirmed in their correctness from mature reason and long experience.—They were the principles of genuine republicanism—and to them through life he gave a hearty, consistent and available support.—With them he never compromised; and the greater the pressure, the more pertinaciously he stood by them. Adopting, to the fullest extent, the doctrine which allowed to man the capacity and the right of self-government, he was a strict constructionist of the Constitution of the United States—and never would consent, however strongly the law of circumstance—the common plea of tyrants—might demand it, to exercise doubtful powers. Jealous of federal authority, his most vigilant efforts were directed towards restraining it within due limits. A

democrat by nature as well as education, he was persuaded, that on the popular part of every government depends its real force—its welfare—its security—its permanence—its adaptation to the happiness of the people.

Though so long honored and so many years the depository of the public confidence and public trusts, he had the rare merit of never having solicited any one to vote for him—or even intimated a wish that he should; and, though no one shared more fully the confidence and esteem of a large circle of warm and influential friends—his is the praise of never having solicited the slightest interest for his own preferment.

But it was in private life the rare excellencies of this great and good man shone brightest. ‘To be and not to seem’ was his maxim. Disdaining the pride of power despising hypocrisy as the lowest and meanest devise—with an honest simplicity and Roman frankness of manners, he gave to intercourse an ease and freedom which made his society and conversation sought after by all who knew him. Industry, economy, and temperance distinguished the character of Mr. Macon, during every portion of his long life; and he was always truly exemplary in the discharge of every social and domestic duty. His love of justice and truth, and his integrity of heart, commanded universal confidence, esteem, and respect. In his dress, his manners, his habits, and mode of life, he indulged no fondness of superfluities: yet he never denied himself the use of what was necessary and convenient. The vainness of ostentation and the littleness of pride were alike disgusting to him. His neighbors, even the humblest, visited him without ceremony; and in all their difficulties, applied to him for advice and comfort, which he never failed to afford in a manner the most acceptable. The society of his neighborhood, embracing an unusually large circle, seemed, as it were to constitute but one family, of which he was the head and the guide; and the rich stores of his mind were common property. Such was the moral influence which he exerted around him, that his example and his precept were allowed the force of law. His heart was the seat of the benevolent affections; and that he enjoyed, while living, the happiness which attends their constant exercise, was sufficiently attested by the many of all ages and both sexes who attended his interment, with tears and deepest sorrow.—And that he was not wanting in the offices of humanity was proven by the heart rending scene exhibited by the moans and lamentations of his numerous black family, when they were permitted to view for the last time his mortal remains. They, indeed, had cause for sorrow. Never had slaves a kinder master. In every thing connected with their

health and comfort, he made the most liberal and ample provisions—in food, raiment, bedding, and dwellings. In sickness, his attentions to them were those of a kind and tender friend; nor did he neglect their moral instruction and discipline.

He was fond of reading, but his favorite study was man. To this predilection did he owe that consummate knowledge of the human character, and those practical lessons of wisdom, of so much consequence to the conduct of life which gave him rank among the wisest and the best.’

Such was NATHANIEL MACON of North Carolina—the kind neighbor—the warm hearted friend—the affectionate relative—the fearless advocate of public liberty—the enlightened statesman—the just man. He has sunk to rest, but his memory will live in the hearts and affections of his countrymen, and in the recorded pages of his country's history.

The writer of this imperfect sketch knew him well. And is painfully sensible how inadequately it portrays his public services or private virtues. He offers it however, as the humble tribute of grateful affection to the memory of one whom he both loved and admired.

MISCELLANY.

From the Richmond County Mirror.

Spring.

I COME, I come!—ye have called me long,
I come o'er the mountains with light and song :
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose-stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.—HEMANS.

SPRING is here, and let us hie away to the forest or the moreland, and sit down in the smile of the kind March sun, as its genial influence unfolds the dormant energies of nature, and melts the frozen hearted into tears. Come reader give us your hand as we leap, from crag to crag, and drink in the delightful pleasures of the scene. For there is poetry in nature, if we will only read it; and there is a lesson in every leaf and streamlet, if we will only listen to its whispers. ‘All natural objects have an echo in the heart,’ and as we contemplate these natural viaducts of thought and look up to their Immaculate Original, how many useful lessons may we receive—how many stirring reveries may we enjoy! The Spring, the gay, the sparkling Spring has come! come to free the little brooks of their chilly manacles—come to give birth to a million little flowers—come to cheer us with the carols of a thousand little songsters. Here are we, in Nature's temple—these mountain-piles its pillars—whose crests of adamant uprear the skies for a canopy—its baths are ocean, and these plains its altars, that yearly send their grateful incense up, laden with perfume of their fruits and flowers.

From time immemorial it has been the custom to hail all deliverers with delight and glad rejoicings. And shall our annual friend—sweet Spring—pass by without an honest meed of praise, festivity and cheerfulness? The deep fir-trees are bursting already with new verdure, the beasts of the forest bound gladly along the redolant fields, gay little fledglings come whistling by us, while the voice of a thousand rills welcome the arrival of their deliverer. And shall man alone bear up his haughty front and leave the beautiful harmonies of Nature unadored? No!

'A soul without reflection, like a pile
Without inhabitants, to ruin runs.'

And while we look upon the changing scene before us, that like a vast panorama paints through the eye upon the understanding, the goodness and perfection of that Being by whose beneficence we exist, dare we turn aside in cool indifference? The gay Summer with her green tapestries and 'ambrosial flowers,' plays harbinger to Autumn, with her golden chaplet and rich impending fruits. Winter next with aspect chill drives off the tributary smiles of Autumn and vents his frosty fury, till soft Spring with her thousand charms comes on, with laughing eye and buoyant step, spreading green beauty wherever she rambles and delighting the storm-lashed earth with her gay and beauteous trippings. Spring in her turn, melts into Summer and as the picture changes, how can the contemplative eye look up into the star-encumbered vault of Heaven and not launch forth its tears of gratitude to Him—that over-ruling Soul of Nature.

That changed through all and yet in all the same
Great in the earth as in th' ethereal frame;
Warms in the sun—refreshes in the breeze,
Glow in the stars and blossoms in the trees;
Lives through all life; extends through all extent;
Spreads undivided—operates unspent!

Friendship.

How tiresome do all the pleasures of the world appear, when compared with the happiness of a faithful, tender and enlightened friendship? How joyfully do we shake off the soul, where our inclinations are free, and feelings genuine, and our sentiments unbiased; where a mutual confidence of thoughts and actions, of pleasures and of pains uninterrupted prevails; where the heart is led with joy along the path of virtue, and the mind conducted by happiness into the bowers of truth; where every thought is anticipated before it escapes from the lips; where advice, consolation and succor, are reciprocally given and received in all the accidents and misfortunes in life? The soul thus animated by the charge of friendship, springs from its sloth and apathy, and views the irradiating beams of hope breaking on its repose. Does the tear of sorrow steal down the cheeks

of one—the other with affection wipes it tenderly away. The deepest sorrows of one are felt with equal poignancy by the other; but what sorrow can resist the consolation which flows from an intercourse of hearts so tenderly, so intimately, so closely united? The only misfortune of which they have any fear is the greatest they can possibly experience, the misfortune of absence, separation and death.—*Zimmerman.*

On Cultivation of Taste.

A FEMALE of cultivated taste, has an influence upon society wherever she moves. She carries with her that secret attractive charm which operates like magic upon the beholder fixes the attention and softens the feelings of the heart like those benign influences over which we have no control. It is impossible to be long in her presence without feeling the superiority of that intellectual acquirement which so dignifies her mind and person. Her words and actions are dictated by its power, and give ease and grace to her motions. The cultivation of a correct taste is so joined in affinity with the social affections, that it is almost impossible to improve the one, without affecting the other. For it is seldom that we see this resplendent qualification attached to minds under the influence of moral principles, neglectful of those social feelings which cement society together, and preserve it from jarring innovations. It is useful in every department of life; and more of our happiness is derived from this source than we are often aware of.

Look at domestic scenes with a discerning eye, and see the movements of a woman of taste. If she is the head of a family, order appears to be the first law which governs and controls her actions. All her affairs are planned with wisdom; confusion and discord never disturb her mind. Her house is the seat of social happiness, where the stranger and friend can repose with delight, for neatness and order are the inmates of her habitation.

Molly Pitcher.

At the commencement of the battle of Monmouth this intrepid woman contributed her aid by carrying water from a spring to a battery where her husband was employed as cannonier, in loading and firing a gun.—At length he was shot dead in her presence, just as she was leaving the spring, whereupon she flew to the spot, found her husband lifeless, and at the moment heard an officer, who rode up, order off the gun for the want of a man sufficiently dauntless to supply his place. Indignant at this order, and stung by the remark, she promptly opposed it—demanded the post of her slain husband, to avenge his death, flew to the gun, and to the admiration

and astonishment of all who saw her, assumed and ably discharged the duties of the vacated post of cannonier, to the end of the battle. For this sterling demonstration of genuine spirit, Washington gave her a lieutenants' commission upon the spot, which Congress afterwards ratified, and granted her a sword, and an epaulette, and half pay, as a lieutenant for life! She wore the epaulet, received the pay and was called 'Capt. Molly' ever afterwards.—*N. B. Times.*

A Good One.

WHEN the late Judge Howell, of Rhode Island, was at the bar, Mr. Burgess, to play a joke, wrote on the lining of his hat, *vacuum caput*, (empty head;) the hat circulated about exciting a smile on every countenance, except that of the owner, who deliberately took it up, and repeated the words above, and well knowing the author of the mischief, addressed the court as follows: 'May it please the court: I ask your honor's protection, (holding up the hat) 'for,' said he, 'I find that brother Burgess has written his name in my hat, and I have reason to fear that he intends to make off with it.'—*Galaxy.*

Letters Containing Remittances, Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

C. C. T. Alexander, N. Y. \$1.00; J. T. Comstock's Landing N. Y. \$0.87; J. L. B. Brookfield, Ct. \$0.90; E. G. Milan, O. \$2.00; H. W. Pleasant Mount, Pa. \$1.00; E. S. S. Forestville, N. Y. \$1.00; J. H. Northumberland, N. Y. \$1.00; A. G. Stonington, Ct. \$0.80; J. R. Redhook, N. Y. \$1.00; A. H. M. Troy, N. Y. \$1.00; J. L. K. Alexander, N. Y. \$2.00; G. W. T. Kelloggsville, N. Y. \$1.02; J. S. Stockport, N. Y. \$3.00; O. D. New-York, \$1.00.

MARRIED,

In this city, on the 24th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Williamson, Mr. John T. Plass, to Miss Mary Hopkins, daughter of Mr. Elias Hopkins, all of this city.

On the 5th inst. by the Rev. W. Whittaker, Mr. William Taylor to Miss Mary Van Horne.

At Albany, on Sunday last, by the Rev. Mr. Brown, Mr. Amos Carpenter, of this city, to Mrs. Elizabeth, widow of the late Henry Hudson, of the village of Saratoga Springs.

At Hillsdale, on the 30th ult. by T. Reed, Esquire, Mr. David Bramer, to Miss Phebe Holly.

At Mellenville, on the 17th ult. by the Rev. J. Berger, Mr. Jacob Fries to Miss Ann Maria Harder, both of Ghent.

At Hillsdale, on the 22d ult. by the Rev. Mr. Truesdell, Mr. Jeremiah Cunningham to Miss Bethia White, daughter of Mr. Henry White.

DIED,

In this city, on Friday the 27th ult. Mary Jane, the only remaining child of Dr. George W. and Elizabeth Cook, aged 7 years and 29 days. Two weeks since we recorded the death of two younger children of this afflicted family. They all died of Scarlet fever.

On the 24th ult. Mrs. Eliza Pultz, aged 25 years, wife of George H. Pultz.

On Saturday evening the 28th ult. Helen Louisa, infant daughter of T. G. Phipps.

On the 23d ult. George, infant son of Reuben and Salome Burrel.

On the 24th ult. Mrs. Gertrude Sheffer, in the 60th year of her age.

On the 1st inst. Phebe Macy, in the 79th year of her age.

On the 2d inst. Isaac Bedell, in the 40th year of his age.

On the 4th inst. William H. son of William and Elizabeth Beverly, aged 9 years and 3 months.

On the 26th ult. Ellen V. daughter of Abraham and Catharine Groat, aged 2 years.

On the 27th ult. Mrs. Mary Ryckman, in the 65th year of her age.

On the 29th ult. Miss Rosanna Gifford, in the 64th year of her age.

At New-York, on the 24th ult. of Apoplexy, Mrs. Williams, widow of the late Elisha Williams, of this city, in the 67th years of her age.



SELECT POETRY.

From the New-York American.

Boyhood.

BY LIEUT. G. W. PATTEN, U. S. A.

I NEVER see the laughing eye
Of joyous boys at play,
But memories fond within me rise
Of childhood's happy day;
To sport upon the festive ground
Seemed all I had to do,
And when my comrades laughed around,
My heart was happy too.

I seldom cared for dust and noise,
Or wore a troubled brow;
But thought myself with marble toys—
Oh! richer far than now:
I never pined for foreign land,
Nor sighed for distant sea;
The top which turned beneath my hand,
Had charms enough for me.

But now upon my troubled soul,
Come visions dark and deep;
My thoughts are where the billows roll—
And where the whirlwinds sweep,
I love to see the bending mast
Bow down before the storm
And hear amid the rushing blast
The wing without a form.

I wander o'er the plain of death,
As thro' a lady's bower;
Deep watching for the battle breath,
As for a thought of power;
Alas! the lesson manhood brings!
And little understood;
To leave the love of gentler things,
For toil by field and flood.

Flow on, calm blood of childhood flow!
Speed not your current thin!
Nor let the conscious bosom know,
The fires which sleep within;
Too soon will come the moment when
Each pulse anew will start,
And thou, with purple tides of men,
Must battle with the heart.

From Bacon's Poems.

Life.

Our years, our years, how fast they glide!
Life, like a never sleeping tide,
Wild sweeps away;
And all that the young heart supplied,
Visions of pomp, and power and pride,
Lo, what are they!

We live, we love, we laugh, we sigh;
We cheat the heart, we cheat the eye
With things to come;
Aye! while the gathering clouds are nigh,
And the dread bolt is launched on high,
To be our doom.

We live—love brings its mysteries;
It clothes the earth, it clothes the skies,
With visions bright;
The heart is taken with sweet surprise,
It gives up its best sympathies—
Death brings a blight.

We live—we think of laurels won,
Of faith well kept, of proud deeds done,
Then fix our eye;
Fame's thunder-plaudit cheers us on;
The goal is in our sight; we run;
We win and die!

The laureled brow, the heart elate,
The warrior's fame, the monarch's state,
The castled slave;
Each, as the world proclaims him great,
Trembles for one is at the gate—
To dig his grave.

We grasp the wind; we clasp a shade;
Earth's proudest gift's a phantom made—
So soon 'tis flown;
The draught is at our lips; afraid,
We dash the chalice down, dismayed
That life is gone.

The Hasty Word.

BY MISS C. H. WATERMAN.

FORGET it, oh! forget the sound,
That had such fatal power to wound;
It was not meant to deeply dwell
With such a dark and withering spell;
It was not meant to give a pain,
That kind tones could not heal again.
A hasty word will sometimes start
From out an overburthen'd heart,
That tears, however fast they fall,
Can ne'er again its sound recall;
And time, as it still onward rolls,
Divides yet more the once knit souls,
Until the heart is only stirred
With memory of a hasty word.

Oh! let it not in mercy rest,
Within thy once forgiving breast;
Look back upon the days of youth,
Of guiltless love, of trust and truth;
Look back upon the pleasant days,
When life was made of summer rays,
Where every look and tone of mine
Was gently answered back by thine!
When, not a thought of either's heart
The other's love did not impart.
Look back, look back, and tell me, will
Thy wounded pride uphold thee still,
Will no fond pleading voice be heard
For pardon, for a hasty word?

When fleeting years shall pass away,
And earth shall claim her kindred clay:
When parted by death's dreadful doom,
There's no forgiveness in the tomb:
Think how thy sick'ning heart will yearn
For that which never can return,
And all those sunny days will rise
Before thy vainly aching eyes,
And all the thousand tones of love,
Again within thy breast shall move,
Then, in mine ear, will be unheard,
Thy pardon, for a HASTY WORD.

Parting.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Not of the boisterous sea—
Not of the tempest's power—
Not of the long and weary way,
Speak at this sacred hour!

Not of the pirate's steel—
God of the traveler hear!
And from our parting cup of love
Wring out these dregs of fear!

Art thou a God at home,
Where the bright fireside smiles—
And not abroad upon the wave,
'Mid danger's darkest wiles?

What though the eyes so dear
To distant regions turn,
Their tender language in our hearts
Like vestal fire shall burn.

What though the voice beloved
Respond not to our pain,
We'll shut its music in the soul
Until we meet again.

Farewell! we're travelers all
With one blest goal in view—
One rest—one everlasting home—
Sweet friends a sweet adieu!

PROSPECTUS

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Devoted to Polite Literature, such as Moral and Sentimental Tales, Original Communications, Biography, Traveling Sketches, Amusing Miscellany, Humorous and Historical Anecdotes, Poetry, &c. &c.

On Saturday, the 23rd of June, 1838, will be issued the first number of the Fifteenth Volume (Sixth New Series) of the RURAL REPOSITORY.

On issuing the proposals for a new volume of the RURAL REPOSITORY, the publisher tenders his most sincere acknowledgements to all contributors, Agents and Subscribers, for the liberal support which they have afforded him from the commencement of this publication. New assurances on the part of the publisher of a periodical which has stood the test of years, would seem superfluous, he will therefore only say, that it will be conducted on a similar plan and published in the same form as heretofore, and that no pains or expense shall be spared to promote their gratification by its further improvement in typographical execution and original and selected matter.

CONDITIONS.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY will be published every other Saturday, in the Quarto form, and will contain twenty-six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page and index to the volume, making in the whole 208 pages. It will be printed in handsome style, on Medium paper of a superior quality, with good type; making, at the end of the year, a neat and tasteful volume containing matter equal to one thousand duodecimo pages, which will be both amusing and instructive in future years.

TERMS.—The Fifteenth volume, (Sixth New Series) will commence on the 23rd of June next, at the low rate of One Dollar per annum in advance, or One Dollar and Fifty Cents at the expiration of three months from the time of subscribing. Any person, who will remit us Five Dollars, free of postage, shall receive six copies, and any person, who will remit us Ten Dollars, free of postage, shall receive twelve copies and one copy of either of the previous volumes. No subscription received for less than one year.

Names of subscribers with the amount of Subscriptions to be sent by the 23rd of June or as soon after as convenient, to the publisher, WILLIAM B. STODDARD, Hudson, Columbia Co., N. Y. 1838.

EDITORS, who wish to exchange, are respectfully requested to give the above a few insertions, or at least a notice, and receive Subscriptions.

Printing Ink,

For sale at this office by the Keg, at 30 cts. per lb. for Cash. This Ink is manufactured by T. G. & G. W. Eddy, and is good news Ink, of the same quality, that this paper has been printed with the last two years.

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